

The Tarboro' Southerner.
Free & Independent Family Journal
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
WM. BIGGS, Editor and Proprietor.

THE SOUTHERNER is one of the oldest and best
of the institutions of the Country and
is the organ of Edgecombe County, its con-
tent will be directed to the interest of
the State and Country at large, and he will
be no pains to make it a representative
of the section from which it emanates.
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be paid in advance. Money can
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BUNN & WILLIAMS, Attorneys at Law.

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June 13-14. N. C.

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TOYS AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Feb. 8 12 m. TARBORO.

F. ODENHEIMER HAS JUST RECEIVED

AT HIS

Livery Stables,

a large drove of very fine

HORSES,

and also a well assorted assortment of

VEHICLES

to be sold for cash or exchange.
Our friends and also the public are respect-
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Stables of

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2-13-11 27-11

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Near Odenheimer's Livery Stables,
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All orders in his line promptly filled. 1-13-11

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Provision Dealer,

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ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRO-
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of Chronic and Acute Rheumatism, Neu-
ralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney and
Nervous Diseases, after years of suffering,
by taking Dr. Filders' Vegetable Rheumatic
Symp. the scientific discovery of J. P.
Filders, M. D., a regular graduate physician,
with whom we are personally acquainted,
who has for 33 years treated these diseases
exclusively with astonishing results. We
believe it our christian duty, after delib-
eration, to conscientiously request suffer-
ers to use it, especially persons in mod-
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waste money and time on worthless mix-
tures. As a clergyman we seriously feel the
deep responsibility resting on us in pub-
licly endorsing this medicine. But our
own knowledge and experience of its remark-
able merit fully justify our action. Rev.
C. H. Ewing, Media, Penn., suffered 16
years, became hopeless. Rev. Thomas
Murphy, D. D., Frankford, Philadelphia.
Rev. J. B. Davis, Hightstown, New
Jersey. Rev. J. S. Buchanan, Clarence,
Iowa. Rev. G. G. Smith, Pittsford, New
York. Rev. Joseph Heger, Falls Church,
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Senators, Governors, Judges, Congress-
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with pamphlet explaining these diseases
and how to cure them. One thousand & four
hundred & fifty dollars will be presented to
any medicine for same diseases showing
equal merit under test, or that can pro-
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person sending by letter description of af-
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guarantee, naming the number of bottles
to cure, agreeing to refund money upon
sworn statement of its failure to cure.
Affected invited to write to Dr. Filders,
Philadelphia. His valuable advice gratis
nothing.
Dr. A. H. McNair, special agent for
Edgecombe county, N. C. 1-18-11

The Tarboro' Southerner.

"I AM A SOUTHERN MAN, OF SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES."—Jefferson Davis.

VOLUME 49.

TARBORO', EDGECOMBE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 10, 1873.

NUMBER 32.

NORFOLK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

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and American make, for Gentlemen & Ladies.
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Gold Leontine and Chateaux Chains and Pins
—Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Gold Rings,
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Diamond Rings—Gent's Seal Rings, an exten-
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promptly attended to in all its branches. The only agent in the city for

Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases.

Mahogany and other Coffins furnished at the shortest notice, as also, Ca-
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ESTABLISHED 1847.

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Hair Jewelry made to order
14-11

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CARTS, TRUCKS, DRAYS, &c.,

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June 2 11

T. A. HARDY, JR. Established 1828.

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General Commission Merchants,
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Manufactured only by
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Orders filled for Goods at reasonable
prices for Cash or short time to responsible
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New Jewelry Store.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS PER-
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and Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.
At prices low as can be furnished anywhere,
and every article guaranteed as represented
upon a forfeiture of double the price paid for it
See Sign of the Big Watch.
Next door to the old Gregory Hotel op-
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Respectfully,
JAMES H. BELL.
Refer to Capt. Wm. Biggs; H. D. Teel,
Genl. W. G. Lewis; Wm. Bagley; J. B. Col-
field, and C. C. Lanier.
TARBORO, N. C.
march 7-11

CRARY & BONNELL Architects AND BUILDERS.

The undersigned are prepared to
make Plans and Specifications
for all kinds of Buildings at short
notice. Also to design any kind
of Building. Materials of the best and
superior quality. Estimates will be
superior to any other kind of build-
ing on reasonable terms. Also will superin-
tend the erection of any kind of build-
ing. The undersigned will be in TARBORO
constantly, and on and after the 1st of May,
we will have an office on the N. E.
corner of 12th and South Streets, Philadelphia.
We think that all who patronize us, will
find that we know what we are about, and will
not regret making our acquaintance.
J. W. CRARY,
G. C. BONNELL,
TARBORO, N. C.
feb. 27-11

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, That I shall not
recognize any account for the year 1872 against
EDMONDSON & SNELL, or MYSELF, ex-
cept made by my personal order, either verbal
or written, or by my wife, M. H. Edmondson.
JULY 13-11

The Tarboro' Southerner.

Thursday, July 10, 1873.

A Martyr to Leisure.

Robert Dole Owen, in his auto-
biography, thus describes one of his
father's partners in business:
A man of letters, educated to every
classical attainment, and the gentleman
of a princely fortune, this gentleman
had been able to gratify, at a wish,
his cultivated tastes. His marriage
was fortunate, and his children grew
up around him with fine promise. He
had a handsome town house in a fas-
hionable square in London, and a
country seat six or eight miles off in
the midst of one of those magnificent
English parks—the ideal of stately
elegance—with its trimly kept
lawn and its wide spreading chase,
dotted over with clumps of noble old
trees, where the deer sought refuge
from the noon-day heat, and a lair at
nightfall.

His father had traveled over Europe,
and brought back, as mementoes of the
journey, paintings and statuary by
some of the best masters, ancient and
modern, with which to adorn his fa-
vorite retreat. The house itself, in
which I spent my happy days, with
its rich marble columns and balu-
strades, was a fine specimen of the
purest Palladian manner, where all that
luxurious refinement could desire had
been unparingly lavished.

There my father—during a
brief interval in his own public life
of incessant bustle—found his friend,
with no occupation more pressing than
to pore over the treasures of his library,
and no further care than to super-
intend the riches of a conservatory,
where he and his friends, together,
from half the world, its choicest
plants and flowers. They spent some
days of undisturbed quietness; not an
incident beyond the conversation of a
sedate and intellectual family circle
and the arrival and departure of a
friend or two to break the complete
repose.

Delectful my father thought it, in
contrast with the busy turmoil he had
left; and one day he said to his host,
"I've been thinking that if I ever met
a man who has nothing to desire, you
must be he. You have health, culti-
vation, a charming family. You have
gathered round you every comfort
wealth can give, the choicest of all
that art and nature can supply. Are
you not completely happy?"

"Never, my father said to me, would
he forget the sad, respectful reply:
"Happy! Ah, Mr. Owen, I com-
mited one favorite error in my youth,
and dearly have I paid for it! I start-
ed in life without any object, and I in-
dulged it. I said to myself, 'I have
all I need; I am satisfied.' I knew not
the curse that lights on those who
have never struggled for anything.
I ought to have created for myself
some definite pursuit, literary, scien-
tific, political, no matter what, so
there was something to labor for and
overcome. Then I might have been
happy."

My father suggested that he was
generally past the prime of life, and
that to a hundred years he might still
benefit others, while occupying him-
self. "Come and spend a month or
two at Buxfield," he added. "You
have a larger share in the Lonsar
mills than any of my partners. See
for yourself what has been done for
his people. They are tired of their
children, and give me the benefit of
your suggestions and your aid."

"It is too late," was the reply.
"The power is gone. Habits are be-
come chains. You can work and do
good; but for me—in all the profligate
years gone by I seek vainly for some-
thing to remember with pride, or even
to dwell upon with satisfaction. I have
thrown away a life. I feel sometimes
as if there were nothing remaining to
me worth living for."

And neither then, nor at any future
time, did this strange martyr to lei-
sure visit the establishment in which
he had invested a hundred and fifty
thousand dollars.—Atlantic Monthly.

About Boots.

A man who draws the prize of
equipping boots from a shoe store al-
ways gets them on Saturday, and by
the next day the full power of the
quake is developed. He arrives at
church at the opening of a long pray-
er, and is admitted by the sexton with
admonitory gestures of silence. The
step inside the door is followed by a
sound like that of a claspboard from
the side of a barn, while all the la-
dies in the right side of the aisle
clap their towels to one side and
squint from their left eyes, those on
the other side reverting the order.
Balancing painfully a car's worst corn,
he makes a more gradual effort and is
rewards by hearing the same harmo-
nic reverberation like linked sweetens
—long drawn out.

Then he tries to navigate on the
balls of his feet, and waddles along on
his heels. He clutches convulsively
at the sides of the pews to lighten his
weight, knocks down a woman's parasol
and gets all the echoes raising their
bald heads and the skin across their
foreheads, and scowling as they do
the rest of the week. So he deter-
mines to mince the matter no more, and
trots along fast, jerking out spasmodic
"shrieks of a sole that's damned," with
a regularity that he never could at-
tain at anything else, and reaches a
pew with all his undergarments turned
to porous plasters, and his face of a
color to match the saint done in red
glass in the principle window.

Waiting for a Prince.

It would be well for every mar-
riageable girl and woman in the country
to read the article below. It is clipped
from a recent number of the Lon-
don Saturday Review.

It is a complaint as old as man, that
we only know how to live when we
are done with life. The saying is es-
sentially true of marriage and of the
right kind of person to choose. Girls
of romantic tendencies think they
ought not to marry until with the
most passionate force of love. They
do not know that respect and com-
patibility of temper are better sur-
ties for a happy life than a passion
which must in time wear itself out,
however strong it may be now, and of
which the best hope is that it may be
good friendship. Good plain common-
sense men, who would make excellent
husbands, but are nothing to look at,
are refused by certain of the feather-
headed, in favor of a dream that will
never be realized. A fancy that has
no more substance than a soap-bubble.
Or personal worth is refused for mere
wealth, quite as often as for penury's
romance. The man of a girl's fancy is
too handsome to be a traitor, a ruse,
weak; or so wayward a temper that
her life, if she marries him, she says
with indignation when story hearted
wisdom points out his patent flaws,
and no woman is proof against the
reduction of reforming the man she
loves, and bringing him to virtue by
means of her wiles. She is in love,
and she believes her love is eternal.
Pretty girls of poor circumstances and
belonging to large families, whom it
would be an inalienable relief to get
well settled, have been known to refuse
eligible offers from good men, because
of this fancy of theirs about Prince
Prettyman. Of course one would
not like to see women give them-
selves to any one, no matter who he
might be, for the sake of getting mar-
ried; but the solid things of life
should be taught them as well as its
poetic beauties; and false hopes, false
ideals, unsubstantial lives, should be
rigorously excluded. A bad marriage
is a loveless life is not a pleasant code
to that never-achieved romance; nor is
the disenchantment which comes with
such cruel certainty on the heels of the
love-sick and unsuitable marriage a
blessing to be desired. Beauty is a
passion, the blindness of romance gets
touched when seeing is too late;
poetry does not pay the butcher; and
glutty of bearing of the "long
sword, saddle, bridle," kind, is apt to
lose itself in domestic bad language
when the pot is empty of pudding, and
half a dozen children swarm about the
mossy lodgings or dingy quarters to
which love and folly have reduced the
gay lieutenant and his bride. On the
whole, Prince Prettyman is a danger-
ous fellow either to get or to wait for.
Having the trick of unsubstantiality
throughout his constitution, he is apt
to well to reflect that if they are to
have only one gown in a life-time,
they had better buy one that will
wash and wear creditably to the end,
rather than a flimsy bit of finery that
looks well only in the beginning, and
goes to pieces before the first year is
out.

A Singular Courtship.

In the family picture gallery at
Stains Castle, near Aberdeen, is the
portrait of a dark woman, masculine
and resolute, not beautiful nor like the
handsome race of the Hays, of which
she was yet the last direct representa-
tive. This is the famous Countess
Mary, one of the central figures of
the family traditions. The Hays
were hereditary lords high constable
of Scotland, and also one of the few
Scottish families in which titles and
offices, as well as lands, are transmit-
ted through the female line. So this
Countess Mary found herself, at the
death of her brother, Countess of Er-
roll in her own right, and lord high
constable of Scotland. In one of the
two pictures of her at Stains, if I re-
member right, she is represented with
the baton of her office, with which
badge she also appeared at court be-
fore her marriage (after this it was
borne by her husband in the character
of her deputy). Her husband was a
commoner, Mr. Falconer, of Dalry,
whose reported history in connection
with her is curious and deserves to be
told, though the old tradition is woul-
d into so many different forms that it
is very difficult to disentangle the
truth from its manifold embellishments.
Toward the beginning of the 18th
century this intrepid and independent
lady fell in love with Mr. Falconer,
who at first did not seem eager to re-
turn or notice her affection. High-
strung and elvish by nature, she did
not droop and pine under her dis-
appointment, but vowed to herself that
she would bring him to her feet. Mr.
Falconer left the country after some
time, and went to London. The
Countess Mary also traveled south the
same year, and no news of her was
heard at Stains for some time. Mean-
while she, and Mr. Falconer met, but
unknown to the latter; who about the
same time became acquainted with a
very dashing young cavalier, evidently
a man of high birth and standing,
respectably bent on my flying his
friends as to his origin. The two saw
each other frequently and were liked
by that desultory companionship of
London life which sometimes indeed
ripens into friendship, but as often
ends in a sudden quarrel. Such was
the end of this acquaintance, and one
day, some trifling difference having
occurred between the friends, a cartel
reached Mr. Falconer couched in very
haughty though perfectly courteous
language. These things were every-
day matters in such times and very
nonchalantly the challenged went in
the early morning to the appointed
place to meet the challenger. Here
the versions of the story differ. Some
say that Mr. Falconer and his auto-
gout ought, but without witnesses;
that the former got the worst of the
encounter, and remained at the others
mercy; that then and not before, the
Countess Mary made herself known to
him and gave him his choice—a thrust
from her sword or speedy marriage with
herself. Others say that it was be-
fore the duel that she astonished her
lover by this discovery, and that the
choice she gave him was between mar-
riage and ridicule.

The Goslin.

The goslin is the old goose's yug-
child. They are yellow all over, and as
soft as a ball of worsted. Their foot
is more whole, and they can swim as
easy as a drop of kasterol on the wa-
ter.

They are born annually about the
15th of May, and was never known to
die naturally.

If a man should tell me he had saw
a goose die a natural and square death,
I wouldn't believe him under oath, but
that, even if he swore he had lied
about seeing a goose die.

The geese are different in one respect
from the human family, who are said
are said to grow weaker but wiser;
whereas a goose always grows tuffer and
more phoobal.

"I have seen a goose that they said
was 93 years of last June, and he didn't
look an hour older than one that was
17."

The goslin waddles when he walks,
and paddles when he swims, but never
dives, like a duck, out or right in the
water, but only changes ends.

The food of the goslin is rye, corn,
oats, and barley, sweet apples, hasty
pudding, and boiled cabbage, cooked po-
tato, raw meat, and turnips, stale
bread, cold hash, and the buck wheat
cakes that are left over from the
pork.

They ain't so particular as some o'er
phulks what they eat, and won't get
mad and quit if "Ley kan" have wet
toast and laub chops every morning
for breakfast.

If I was a going to keep boarders,
I wouldn't want any better feeders,
than an old sea goose and 12 goslins.
If I couldn't suit them, I should know
why. I had mistaken my calling.

Roast goslin is good nourishment, if
you can get enuff of it, but there ain't
much waste meat on a goslin after you
have got rid of their feathers and dug
them out inside.

I have always noticed when you pass
your late up for some one's back
goslin at a hotel, the colored brother
comes bak with empty plate